

## CHILDREN'S ODD SAYINGS.

A Maine Mother's Collection of Infants' Tales and Delays.

There are three bright little mortals in Maine—six, four and two years old respectively—who are very fond of "playing Heaven" together, and all in such a sweet, reverent little fashion that even the sternest moralist could not find it in his heart to say they may.

One day, says the New York Tribune, their mother sent them into the dining-room to play, while she worked in an adjoining room. Happening to pass the door she stopped a moment to look at her little folks, and this is what she saw: The elder boy was sitting upon the table, as "God up in Heaven," his little face puckered into grave lines. Close by, arranged one below the other, were a high chair, a common chair, and last a stool—all evidently representing the "ladder" to Heaven. The little four-year-old was an angel and the "two bit" sister was lying on the floor, "being dead." Presently the little angel took her in his arms and set out upon his Heavenward journey. It was a tollsome way. Up he mounted—first the footstool, then the chair; but arriving at the high chair his strength suddenly gave out, and a tired little angel's voice mounted to Heaven, in sweet, coaxing tones: "Oo tome and dot her, Dod. I can't dot her way to Heaven."

Across the street from Elsie's home lives a family with whom her father and mother do not care to associate, nor do they wish their little girl to play with the small boy over there.

One morning Elsie chanced to overhear her parents lamenting the godless state of this family, and her little soul was filled with pity and dismay. Running out to the front gate, the little missionary called out with sweet entreaty to the benighted little neighbor across the way: "Oh, poor little boy, come over to our house and go to Heaven with us!"

Dave's first country sojourn was one long season of bliss. He came in from the hen-house one morning, empty-handed and in a state of great disgust. "Him! That old rooster out there's a-standing on one leg and doing nothin' and he might's well lay an egg as not, and better too."

Little Nat came running into the house the other day, crying dismally. Mamma inquired into his injuries, and was enlightened by the sorry little wail: "The old cow hooked me with her tail!"

When Nellie was a "wee-bit" mortal, she went to visit a dear friend of her mother's. One day this lady and her husband fell into a spirited discussion upon some question of the day, and the arguments waxed warm and many, albeit advanced in all good-humor. But the little listener grew alarmed, and, running to the front door, called excitedly to the minister, who was passing: "Elder Wobbie, Elder Wobbie, come quick! they're in a tussle!"

## ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A Connecticut Soldier's Trying Experience at Cedar Creek.

Here is a description of what must have been a rather trying afternoon passed by a Connecticut man on the battle-field of Cedar Creek. It is extracted from Adjutant Valli's "History of the Second Connecticut Volunteer Heavy Artillery."

Men from every company started out the first thing after reaching camp to look for our dead and wounded, many of whom lay not fifty rods off. Some of them were just able to greet their returning comrades, hear the news of victory and send a last message to their friends before expiring.

Corporal Charles M. Burr was shot above the ankle, both bones of his leg being shattered. In a few minutes a rebel battalion came directly over him and passed on out of sight.

Then, being alone for a short time, he pulled off the boot from his sound leg, put his watch and money into it, and drew it out again.

Next, a merciful rebel Lieutenant came and tied a handkerchief round his leg, stanching the blood. Next came the noble army of stragglers and bummers.

"Hello, Yank, have you got any Yankee notions about you?" they asked, at the same time thrusting their hands into his pocket. They captured a little money and a few small traps, but seeing that one boot was spoiled, they did not meddle with the other.

Then came ambulances, and picked up the rebel wounded, but left ours. Then came a citizen of the Confederacy, asking many questions; and after him came three boys who gave our corporal water.

Thus the day wore on until the middle of the afternoon, when the tide of travel began to turn.

The stragglers and bummers led the advance; then the roar of battle grew nearer and louder and more general; then came galloping officers and all kinds of wagons; then a brass twelve-pounder swung round close to him, unlimbered, fired one shot and whipped again; then came the routed Confederate infantry, artillery and cavalry, all mixed together, all on a full run, and strewing the ground with muskets and equipments.

Finally came the shouting "boys in blue," and presently Pat Birmingham was at Corporal Burr's side.

"Well, Charley!" he cried out, "I'm glad to find you alive. I didn't expect it. We're back again in the old camp, and the Johnnies are whipped all to pieces."

The Georgia Editor.

"In remitting for a subscription," writes a Georgia editor, "do not any 'please find inclosed one dollar.' We are bound to be pleased without the asking, and besides, we have not seen a dollar in so long a time that if we knew it was within six miles of us we would find it blindfolded and with both hands tied behind our back."

Long-Distance Electric Roads.

It would be singular if the first long-distance electric road should be established in far-away Russia. Such a thing, however, seems more than probable, for a project is now on foot to connect St. Petersburg with Archangel, a distance of five hundred miles, by an electric railway.



**SYMPTOMS OF LIVER DISEASE:** Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in the mouth; tongue coated; pain under the shoulder-blade; in the back or side—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach with distendency and water-brash; indigestion; bowels lax and constive by turns; headache, with dull, heavy sensation; restlessness, with sensation of having left something undone which ought to have been done; fullness after eating; bad complexion; skin and eyes; jaundice, yellow appearance of skin and eyes; distention, etc.

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The scenery along the line of the C. & O. is unequaled in variety and grandeur east of the Rocky Mountains, the Natural Bridge and Caverns of Luray accentuating the whole with divine emphasis, while the historical associations and places of interest that crowd one another the whole way afford an object lesson in national history that can never be forgotten.

Pamphlets giving full particulars will be furnished on application to

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Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct.

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## WILL BE AT PARKER HOUSE, HILLSBORO, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1890.

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**EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TROUBLE!**

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The Celebrated Authors and Medical Lecturers and Greatest Living Specialists for the Treatment and Cure of all long-standing and difficult Chronic Diseases, and diseases of the Blood, Nervous System, and EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT, will visit this county and meet their many patients and friends, and give ALL AFFLICTED and opportunity to consult them Free of Charge, and secure the latest and best treatment for such diseases as the regular family physician is not prepared to treat.

The Doctors' reputation is not only National, but Continental, as they have visited Europe several times and treated thousands of cases, and made many remarkable cures, while bringing together their Anatomical Museum and fine collection of instruments, appliances, etc., which is the largest and finest collection now in the country.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city. As they are the only physicians and surgeons in this county who carry their own Saline, Models, Diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their diseases.

**EXAMINATIONS FREE TO ALL.**

**CHRONIC DISEASES.**

The Doctors treat no acute diseases, but make an entire specialty of chronic and long-standing diseases. Cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable they most desire to see. Dr. Salm has treated over 12,000 cases in Ohio in the last two years, many of which had been given up as incurable, some to be blind, others deaf, and a large number to be invalids for life. But behold! now they see and hear, and many are on the high road to health and improving every day.

The Doctors are surrounded with the finest collection of fine instruments ever imported to this country for examining and treating all chronic diseases of the HEAD, FACE, EYE, EAR, THROAT, HEART, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Skin, Brain, and Nervous System, Cancer, Tumors, Old Sores, Piles, Swellings, Fits, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gout, Stalk Headache, Debility, Depression of Spirits, Diseases of Children, Hereditary Diseases, etc., etc., and in fact all long-standing and Chronic Diseases.

DR. MORITZ SALM, M. D., Specialist in Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs.

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They recognize the great principles that genius or talent, or exceptional skill in any profession, is a great public trust to be executed for the greatest good for the greatest number; they call your attention to the fact of their visit to your community, and to what you may expect from their treatment.

These Doctors have devoted years to the study and treatment of

**CHRONIC AND COMPLICATED DISEASES**

Which other physicians failed to treat successfully. These delicate functions of the human frame, whose derangements have for centuries defied human skill, have in many cases yielded to the patient investigation and untiring perseverance of these doctors, and thousands of sufferers from diseases heretofore pronounced incurable, have consulted these gentlemen and been by them restored to health and usefulness.

**A LIFE OF EXPERIENCE.**

The Doctors have had a whole life of study and experience in their profession, and enjoy advantages which fall to the lot of but few! After attending their Full Courses in the Medical Colleges, and graduating with the highest honors, they were not content to stop there, but have since attended other Colleges, and several times reviewed the whole profession; have also traveled extensively for the purpose of improvement, having visited the best Medical Colleges, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Eye, Ear, Lung and other Medical and Surgical Institutions on both Continents; traveled thousands of miles, both by land and sea; expending thousands of dollars; improving every advantage within their compass; and devoting the best years of their life to become thoroughly familiar with their profession in all its branches.

**RECTAL DISEASES.**

They also make a specialty of all forms of Rectal Diseases. Piles—Internal and External, Itching and Bleeding, Rectal Ulcers, Fissures, Fistula—which are often taken for Nervous and Lung Diseases, all cured if taken in time. Remember we cure all forms of Piles without pain, interruption or detention from business, and without the use of Knife, Caniste, Ligature or Injection. Come and be convinced. (Dr. Mc. made these diseases an exclusive specialty for two years in a large city.)

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SEND for our book, "THE CARE OF INFANTS," mailed, FREE OF CHARGE, to **Doliver Goodale Co., BOSTON, MASS.**

## SPRING SENTIMENT WASTED.

My love walks through the sunlit woods,  
And near and far  
A tinkling melody outflows,  
In tinkling chords and tender notes,  
From her guitar.  
And as she wanders slowly on,  
I watch afar;  
And take no thought of place or time,  
But listen to the graceful chime  
Of her guitar.

My poor guitar sounds out of tune,  
After and near.  
My hand is weary. All around  
The woods are lonely, and the ground  
Is damp, I fear.  
I wonder why he doesn't come—  
Perhaps he's near!  
I'm sure I think he's very close—  
I've played twice every day I know,  
To get him here.

ENSEMBLE.

"And may I carry your guitar?"

He speaks in fear—  
She slowly lifts her pretty eyes,  
And frowns on him in great surprise:  
"What! Are you here?"  
—Munsey's Weekly.

## A GENTLEMAN ROBBER.

Remarkable Career of "Sheet Iron Jack" of Shasta.

A Daring Outlaw and His Wonderful Exploits—How He Once Captured His Pursuers—Helping an Unfortunate German.

If you want a story, full to each minute detail of excitement, like the exactness of a photograph, come with me to the cabins of the pioneers. Listen to the legend of "Sheet Iron Jack, of Shasta," one of the old brigands of early California.

Sheet Iron Jack became a noted character about the time the surface mines of Shasta and Trinity began to "play out." He was handsome, young and talented, and a very Alsworth's Dick Turpin, or John Kild's Cousin Tom, on horseback. No clergyman was ever molested on his beat, so from this and other circumstances the story came that he was the youngest son of a prominent Baptist minister in New York. His popular name, the only one by which he was known, arose from some of his remarkable escapes. Men said that he could shake bullets from his coat as a duck sheds water. Certainly the best shots among the constables and sheriffs of the region found it impossible to wing this flying robber, as he passed like a whiffling through the mountains of the Northern Coast Range and Sierra.

There was never a more audacious brigand. The elder Dumas would have made him the hero of a three-volume novel. It was not that he was the most expert of horsemen, but he practiced his profession with such admirable politeness and humor that nine-tenths of his victims never cared to complain, which left his unique genius free to escape, decide and cover with obliquity and confusion the remaining tenth and all whom they called to their help. It goes without saying that he was brave, with that splendid physical courage that in times of tumult raises fishermen to duels, and makes hostlers Marshals of France.

His vitality overflowed, so the old pioneers say, in acts and sayings that would have cheered well with great surroundings and fateful crises of history. He belonged to the type of men whom Napoleon and Skobeleff loved, understood and went on desperate errands. Only a horse thief, and yet what wasted raw material of heroism went to the making of his character.

No one knew where Sheet Iron Jack lived. Somewhere in a wilderness uncrossed by wagon roads he made his camps, never twice in the same ravine. He seemed to have knowledge of all the moves of his enemies, and if the sheriff went to San Francisco, was likely as not to ride leisurely through the county seat, take a drink in the leading saloon, dine at Miner's Hotel and give the newspaper editor an item, written out for publication in his own Italian hand and signed "Sheet Iron Jack, of Trinity Center."

One of his most famous exploits occurred in the foothills of Southern Shasta. He had taken a dozen blooded horses from a wealthy Tehama farmer, but was closely pursued, and just as he reached the Cottonwood crossing he found it necessary to change his tactics. He turned the stolen horses into another rancher's stable, and drove a dozen of the rancher's own horses into the highway to confuse his pursuers. When these latter reached the little village across the bridge a rough teamster was the only guest at the log cabin hotel—Sheet Iron Jack in whimsical disguise, for he was a perfect Proteus when occasion required.

Before morning he locked the sheriff's party in their rooms, took the best horses, turned the others loose in the woods, went back to the rancher's stable and secured the pick of the first lot. With these he swam the Sacramento, and taking advantage of hiding-places known only to himself, reached Oregon in safety a week later. The saucy and amusing letter of thanks which he left behind on the occasion, pinned with his pocket-knife to the sheriff's door, went the rounds of all the newspapers.

Sheet Iron Jack on one memorable occasion ventured into a town on the Sacramento at a time when half a dozen warrants were hanging over his head. He was recognized under his disguise and pursued by a crowd of armed citizens. He could not reach his own horse, but ran into a stable, out out an animal, rode out of the back door on an alley and made for the river. Every one saw the horse and rider swim across in a hail of bullets and climb the shrubby bank, but when the pursuers, who ran around by a bridge, reached the place the horse was found riderless. Sheet Iron Jack had quietly slipped off and crept under the wild grape-vines into the river, again floated down stream close under the bluff, swam back and waited his time. An hour later he recovered his own horse and made a successful break for the Western foothills.

That was a time of frontier halls in the thinly-settled counties of Northern California. People would often drive twenty or thirty miles to a dance, and

Sheet Iron Jack sometimes appeared uninvited. It was in the edge of the oak forests on the eastern side of the Sacramento. In Northern Shasta, that the Stillwater settlers were once having a ball in a log-cabin school-house. A tall, black-haired young man, elegantly dressed, appeared on the scene and became the bright, particular star of the occasion. A handsome brunette was about to be led on the floor by her partner, when the stranger stepped up to his side, whispered his name, bowed to the young lady, saying that her partner had resigned the privilege, and led her out. The terrorized young man sat down and saw Sheet Iron Jack repeat the operation with half the girls in the room. Then with a smile and a bow the merry brigand said: "Such charming ladies I have never seen before, but really the men of this district are not as brave as they might be." Then he kissed his last partner's hand, walked out of the door and disappeared in the darkness, leaving a dozen very sheepish young fellows behind him.

Like most typical highwaymen, Sheet Iron Jack was a spendthrift, and believed in the Roba Hood political economy. He helped many a poor fellow, footsore, homeless, and weary, to a new start. He once saved a stage from an accident by repairing a broken bridge at the bottom of a gulch, just before the belated stage tore down the rain-swept mountain. People told stories of him that would have done credit to the best of men. He often gave a five, or a ten, or a twenty-dollar gold piece at a "dead broke" man, with the terse command: "Don't you drink whisky, and don't you believe all the bad stories you hear about Sheet Iron Jack!"

The following incident is perhaps as characteristic as any that are told of this genial outlaw:

One day in August a German was riding along the mountain paths of Southern Trinity. His horse, a fine and valuable animal, suddenly went lame, and in an hour was only able to hobble forward. The ignorant youth was in despair. He had paid \$150 for the horse, and now he expected to be compelled to abandon the animal.

At this juncture a mild-voiced, benevolent old man, the shrewdest horse-trader in the Coast Range, overtook the poor German, won his confidence, examined the horse and pronounced the trouble a clear case of "founder."

"Well, take him a year to get well, an' he'll never be much of a horse ag'in."

After awhile the shrewd trader offered the German \$20 for the horse, saying that he should turn him out in a pasture for a year or more. The unhappy young man consented, took the money and started down the hill to walk to the stage station. The shrewd trader waited until he was out of sight, then took a pair of pinchers from his saddlebag, and in five minutes had taken off the four new shoes of the lame horse. In half an hour the animal was able to walk with comfort.

"I don't see," the new owner said, "the shrewd trader's new shoes I knowed the trouble. That horse is worth \$200. Wish I could find such a foot every day."

The poor German toiled on for nearly an hour with his heavy saddle-bags, when a run rode out of the bushes and asked: "Where is the devil is your horse?" The hesitating youth related what had happened, blushing with the rising conviction that he had made a mistake. The stranger sat sideways on his great brown horse, with one knee thrown over the saddle, and broke into merry fits of laughter as he listened. He asked a few questions about the animal and friendly stranger. At last he said:

"Well, this is my territory, so I'll help you out. You go under that oak in the gulch and you'll find my camp. The dried venison is hanging to a limb. Don't you build a fire, but turn in whenever you choose."

With such a horse as Sheet Iron Jack rode it was easy to overtake the swindler, and he then proceeded with great dignity to reprove him at the point of a revolver.

"A bargain's a bargain," said the man, "but you've got such a talkin' way that ye can hev the horse when ye give me back my \$20."

"That goes for my fees as lawyer," Sheet Iron Jack responded; "but now, that I think of it, my time is worth more than that. Shell out!" and he took over \$200 from the discomfited speculator in horseflesh, tossed him back a twenty-dollar piece, and rode back to where the young German lay asleep under the oak.

"Climb on," he said, "and ride to Weaver's. Hold your tongue about this performance for a few days, and don't try any more horse trades. That is a fine animal; if I had come along first I might have taken it myself. Good-bye."

A few years later Sheet Iron Jack grew tired of his old "stamping ground" and went on a long ride into Idaho and Montana, then just coming into prominence as a mining region. Jack is now serving a sentence in a California prison. He is an old man.—N. Y. Press.

**Strange Discovery of a Ring.**

A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and, in passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew his stick the ring was on the end of it.

**Chinese Responsibility.**

If a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder the fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed, but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he has one, is therefore sent to prison for a year. If he has no son, then his father or brother gets a flogging. It's all in the family and somebody has to pay for it.